

THE JASPER NEWS

ROLAND B. GRIFFITH, Editor
JASPER, MISSOURI

Steps to Fortune.

A modest, unassuming young business man, to his great surprise, was recently promoted to a position very much in advance of the one he then occupied. He did not understand when, or where, or how he had prepared himself for such unexpected promotion. His friends, however, and those who had been watching his career knew that, unconsciously, he had been preparing for his promotion ever since he took a job as an errand boy in an office. Indeed, if he had had the position to which he has been advanced in mind from the outset, and if every step he took had been directed toward it, he could not have adopted a more effective means for the attainment of his end. As a boy, this young employee did not wait to be told things, or to do this or that when it was obvious that it should be done. He found out all he could for himself by observation by keeping his eyes and ears open, and by being constantly on the alert to increase his knowledge; and he always did whatever he saw needed to be done, without waiting for orders. He did everything that was given him to do as well as he possibly could do it. He did not wait for big opportunities, but found his chance in every little thing that came his way. In every act he performed he found a chance to be prompt, businesslike and polite. In every letter he wrote he found an opportunity for self-culture, for learning how to be concise and how to express himself in the clearest and purest English. He found an opportunity for neatness and order in filing away papers and in keeping the office clean and tidy. These, remarks the New York Weekly, are a few of the steps which led to his rapid promotion, although when he was taking them he was not conscious that he was laying the foundation of his career broad and deep.

Our Immigrants.

No migration in history is comparable to the great hordes that have crossed the Atlantic during the past 30 years to enter our territory, says National Geographic Magazine. In 1905, 1,026,499 immigrants were admitted; in 1906, 1,100,735, and in the present year the total will exceed the record of 1906 by many thousands. Since June 30, 1900, 6,000,000 have been admitted, of whom probably 5,500,000 have settled permanently in the United States. The report of Mr. Sargent for 1906, recently issued, contains much interesting information about the character and qualifications of the immigrants. Perhaps the most striking fact is that less than five per cent. of the newcomers have reached or passed the age of 45. Of the arrivals in 1906, 913,955 ranged in age from 14 to 44, 136,273 were less than 14 years of age, and only 50,507 had reached or passed the age of 45. More than two-thirds of the immigrants were males, the figures being 764,463 men and boys and 336,273 women and girls. About 28 per cent. of the total number were illiterate, which is a very large proportion when we consider that only 6.2 per cent. of the total white population of the United States and only 4.6 per cent. of the native-born whites in 1900 were illiterate.

The Chinese minister to the United States, Sir Chen Tung Liancheng, is a graduate of Andover and Yale. He is a devotee of baseball, and often attends the games. A good player himself, he often is the chief figure in a most unique picture, when playing, his skirts tucked up, with his two small boys and their little friends. Tennis, too, has been a great favorite with the minister, while he is also very much devoted to horseback riding and bicycle riding. These last two accomplishments are rather rare among orientals.

Sables are becoming very rare, and, on account of the great demand for them, have risen considerably in price during the last few years. A coat that, about two years ago, would have cost \$20,000 would now be worth at least \$30,000. The empress of Russia possesses one of the most beautiful sable coats in existence; it is made from the most splendid sables procurable and is valued at anything between \$250,000 and \$400,000. Queen Maud, of Norway, is another queen consort who is lucky enough to possess magnificent sables.

A Cure for Dyspepsia

By M. Janet Hay

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"Mr. Fletcher's experiments with food have proved these things for him:

"1. He can live on one-third the amount of food usually eaten and be healthy and vigorous.

"2. Only five hours' sleep are necessary.

"3. When food is thoroughly chewed the waste of digestion is reduced nine-tenths.

"4. Appetite indicates the needs of the body and wants simple food.

"5. Since an important part of digestion is done in the mouth, thorough chewing is necessary."

Mrs. Armstrong read these concluding paragraphs and laid down the magazine with a sigh. The article—"Perfect feeding of the Human Body"—was the most sensible and convincing she had seen in a long time on that particular topic. And she was a diligent reader, especially of all progressive literature likely to come under her husband's eye; for she desired sincerely to be a helpmate by entering into all his interests.

Here was one, however, she dared not broach to him; she could only hope that he would see the article and read it, but she feared not. He was growing irritable and morose—unlike his original self; and the cause she knew full well, was the same which had brought and was bringing trouble into so many American homes—dyspepsia!

As she sat thinking, the children bounced in from school.

"Oh, mother," cried Bob, "I'm hungry as a bear!"

"You pig," said Elsie, "after all the lunch you ate, too! You swallowed it whole, I guess."

"Mother," announced Fred, "we've organized a club to rescue and protect homeless cats and dogs—a sort of an annex to the S. P. C. A., you know."

"What a club-ridden world!" thought Mrs. Armstrong; "even the children must be organized." Then an idea occurred to her. Why not turn the propensity to account? She was too wise a wife and mother to attempt to introduce a reform into the household without sugar-coating it well; here was the coating at hand—why not use it?

"Well, chicks, what do you say to getting up a home club, too?" she said aloud.

"Oh, do! do!" shrieked the chorus. "Let me be president!—no, me!—no, me!"

"I think Bob should be the first president, because he's oldest."

"Then I'll be secretary, and write out the constitution and by-laws," declared Elsie, importantly.

"And can we ask others to join and have a badge, and a motto, and all?" inquired Fred, anxiously.

"If you make a success of it; but I think you had better try first with those at home, and see how it works."

"Will you and father join?"

"I will; and you may ask your father after we have drawn up our resolutions. Get your pencil and paper, Elsie. They should read something like this:

"We, the members of the Commonsense Eating club, do hereby pledge ourselves to chew well every mouthful of food before swallowing it—not bolt it as we used to do; also, to hold in our mouths a moment each drink of liquid before swallowing it—not gulp it down as we used to do; and also, to eat not more than we honestly want.

"We hereby agree to pay one cent fine into our club fund each time we forget to do this—the fund to be used to provide a dinner once a year for poor children, or for starving animals, whichever the club may determine.

"Each member shall pay five cents initiation fee.

"Meetings will be held weekly at Mr. Armstrong's house. Refreshments will be bread and milk, to be eaten according to above rules."

"What a funny club!" giggled Elsie, as her pencil recorded the last word.

"What motto shall we have?" asked Fred.

"I think 'Little by Little' would be a good one; don't you?"

"Yes, mother—and what trade mark?"

"Coat-of-arms, you mean," interposed Elsie, loftily.

"Symbol is a better word," said Mrs. Armstrong. "How would a boy sitting on a pig do?—he is keeping the pig in him under, you see."

"Splendid!" And Fred, who could draw quite cleverly, made a sketch of the suggested figure, at which they all laughed heartily.

"Let's each be an animal in the club," proposed Bob.

"Very well. You should be the bear, then—always hungry," said mother.

"And Elsie the cat, 'cause she likes milk," said Fred.

"Then you're the fish, for you drink so much water," retorted the Cat.

"And mother, what will you be?" asked the Fish.

"Mother will be the duck, of course," cried Bob; "she's so nice—and tender!" giving her a bear's hug.

"I think we should call it the Commonsense Animal club, then," said the Duck, when she had recovered her breath.

"We'll ask father to join this very evening," declared Fred.

That evening at the dinner-table certain mysterious communications were telegraphed among the younger members of the house, and suppressed giggles and smothered chokings were audible as they diligently chewed each mouthful of food.

Mr. Armstrong sat at the head of the table looking tired and harassed, and replying only in monosyllables to his wife's occasional questions. He ate hastily and in a preoccupied way



"What Kind of a Club?"

a hearty dinner, and drank a tumbler of water and then his coffee in the same manner.

At length he noticed the undercurrent of excitement among the children. "Bob, what are you fidgeting about so far?" he demanded, sharply.

"Nothing, sir," answered Bob, startled into preternatural gravity.

"I wish, Alice, you could teach them better table manners," complained his father, as he pushed his chair back and rose.

The children followed him meekly into the sitting-room, where each began upon his or her usual evening occupation—either lessons, a book, or a game. Mr. Armstrong took up his newspaper and his wife her needlework.

But Elsie, observing closely, soon saw her father put down his paper and lean back wearily in his chair. Deeming the hour propitious, she crept over to him and climbed on his knee.

"Father," she began timidly, "do please join our C. A. club, won't you?"

"What kind of a club, pussy?"

"Why, that's my club name," said Elsie, laughing; "I am the Cat. Here are the resolutions—" drawing them from her pocket—"won't you please sign them, father?"

"Do—please do!" pleaded the boys, now hanging one on either arm of his chair.

"Is this a hold-up—your money or your life?" laughed father. "How much does it cost? A fortune, I'll be bound—"

"No, no, only five cents, and see. Read it, father, quick!"

Mr. Armstrong put on his spectacles and read the resolutions carefully.

"Will you sign now, father?" asked Elsie anxiously. "Mother says if we don't make a success of it at home first, we had better not ask any others to join."

"She does, eh?" said Mr. Armstrong, with a quizzical glance at his wife. "Well, I will join. We are all more or less pigs, so you better call me the pig of the company; I see you each have a name."

"Oh, no! we couldn't," cried Fred; "for we sit on the pig, you know."

"Sit on the pig! What do you mean?"

They showed him Fred's sketch of their symbol, at which he smiled.

"Then I'll be the Ostrich," he declared, "for I begin to realize that I have treated my poor stomach as if it were an ostrich's—putting into it all sorts of things it couldn't manage properly."

Six months after its organization the Commonsense Animal club was holding a business meeting. The Bear surrendered his presiding chair to the Ostrich, who had requested the privilege of addressing the company.

"My Fellow Commonsense Animals," began the Ostrich, "I desire to report that I have organized a branch of this most useful association in Wall street, which sends its respective greetings to the parent club. And now I have a personal word to say to you. I wish to express my gratitude for the benefit I have derived from becoming one of you. Six months ago I was a slave to dyspepsia; and my physician warned me that I would be seriously ill if I did not give up business for awhile and take a rest. Just at that time my little daughter coaxed me to be a Commonsense Animal. Since then, by simply following your rules—that is, by eating slowly and chewing my food thoroughly—I have become a cheerful, and, I hope, useful member of society. My doctor could not understand the change, until I gave him our resolutions to read. Then he declared, with a twinkle in his eye, that this club, if it was not speedily suppressed, would deprive him of all his patients."

"Let me close by saying that you will always have the hearty sympathy and support of the Ostrich, the Duck and all the animals of their family."

Whereupon, with a cheer for the speaker, the menagerie sat down joyfully to its wholesome menu of bread and milk before dispersing.

Why Glasses Are Clicked.

In answer to a correspondent who asks, "Will you finally settle the question why glasses are clicked when people drink a toast in wine?" a Berlin paper says: "Your question should have included beer. The ancient form is observed with that beverage as well as with wine. There are many versions, but the most logical is the one which is based on the supposition that a good drink is so worthy of respect that in taking it all one's senses should be employed. One sees the liquid, tastes it, smells its fragrance, feels its effect, and the glasses are clicked so that the sense of hearing may also have a share in the pleasure."

The Texas legislature has passed a bill providing for longer bedsheets in hotels. Unfortunately, however, the bill makes no provision for hotel pillows that shall be thicker than the average pancake.

Rev. M. G. Coleman, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Tuscola, Ill., will preach the opening sermon at the Shelbyville chautauqua at Shelbyville, Ill., Saturday morning, July 25.

RICH AND COULD STILL SMILE.

"Carnegie sees dat rich mon never hardly smiles—"

"Schucks! Jes' look at Jimmy! Ever since he found a dime he goes around grinnin' from ear to ear!"

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